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(11) PERSHALSHWUTH, abbreviated to PERSHALSH: The eldest boy of the family, and very conscious of it. He is quiet, self-confident and has a reputation of being "good with buffaloes", of which he is noticeably proud. He likes to go out to other mands, and to take the Melgarsh animals to graze in distant places, so that he is not very often at the *mand*. He always walks about with a stick, the symbol of his activities as a herdsman. 159 621 283

(12) NARILSHWUTH, abbreviated to NARILSH: Always busy about the house, where I usually found him cutting wood; he also looks after the calves, it being his special job to take them out in the morning and put them back in the pens in the evening. He is quiet and thoughtful and apparently specially friendly with Mutthukwutn, his youngest father.

(13) Pengalam: A sweet little girl, with whom I was especially friendly. She is gay and playful, and is nearby always in the company of Narjikh. She loves to muse to herself, to play imitating games, to sing and tell stories to the twins. She also likes to show off to people like myself, laughing and giggling when she plays at nursing her younger brother like a mother. She adores going for drives with me in the car, and cried her eyes out when I left the Nilgiris. 159 621 [129]

(14) SONNY: An extraordinary little boy for his age. He is exceptionally bright and intelligent and can speak fluently his own language. He is the spoilt darling of the whole family, often performing to a whole circle of grown-ups, who go into fits of laughter over the things he says. He is quite aggressive too, threatening his mother with disembowelment, and assuring everyone that he can manage the calves just as well as Narjikh. He obviously derives much pleasure from taking advantage of the privileges Toda men enjoy, strutting with great satisfaction beyond the stone which marks the limit of where women may go in the direction of the dairy-temple, and where his twin sister must stop. [155]

(15) Sodum: She is as dull and backward as Sodup, her twin brother, is bright. I was unable to make out if this was congenital or due to different upbringing and the lower status of women among the Todas. She is very shy indeed and would hardly ever let me get close to her without starting to cry. She can hardly speak, and only very rarely opens her mouth, usually just sitting by her mother and staring with great round eyes at what goes on around her, and looking quickly away if any notice is taken of her.

(16) Pirrawow: Called after me (Rrow being Toda for Raja = Prince) who am his godfather, having taken that role at his name-giving ceremony. He is only a baby in arms, born two weeks after I arrived [129] [551]

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764 a boy of the Pan moiety, which made her one of the clan for the after-
581 world. She was consequently cremated at the Pan cremation ground,
414 with a further display of grief and lamentation.
715

ADDENDUM

Observation of the children's behaviour

123 While having occasion to question the Todas at times, principally in order to obtain explanations of things which could not simply be observed, but also in order to get as many results as possible within the few months that I was in the Nilgiris, I managed, all the same, to do quite a lot of pure observation of their everyday behaviour, without disturbing them too much, I think, by my alien presence. The very fact, however, that I was there, upset the family pattern of usual activities. This is a problem which I am sure other anthropologists have had to contend with, but for which I, for my part at least, found no really satisfactory solution. Thus, for instance, 123 the Melgarsh people, the Melgarsi, very quickly discovered that I was
● 135 interested in the children. They consequently would play them up for me
159 as much as they could as soon as I arrived. Sedup, who was really an exceptionally amusing and bright child, was specially singled out for this, and greatly encouraged to be "funny" in my presence. I believe, nevertheless, that he would have been the darling of Melgarsh anyhow, as many of his pranks, as far as I was concerned, were his own genuine invention and were definitely not suggested by those around him.

159 Some of the things he said and did were quite remarkable and of con-
857 siderable psychological interest. Thus one day (May 2nd, 1949), he started off to tell how his father (Mutsaesh) was wonderfully skilled in the art of catching buffaloes by the horns (as is the practice at Toda funerals: see Rivers, *The Todas*, p. 349). His mouth puckered up, his eyes flashing, and waving a small cane in his hand, he went on to show how he, Sedup, treated the calf which had been entrusted to his care. He said it drank too much milk and that he had to beat it to stop it from doing so. Switching to another subject, he told us how a rat had made a hole in the house in which he lived, and how he had watched it go through that hole. He came back to the calf (some very soon after and began illustrating the way he beat the calf by running after the girls present. Poigalam, Mutsaesh and Nimbumali. Pretending to be very frightened, they ran away from him with laughter and cries, which were intended, of course, to encourage him even more. Bedam, his twin sister, looked on from her mother's side, with great round, frightened eyes.

After the funeral of his ill-fated little sister, Sedup indulged in the following antics. He began by telling us that the surviving baby cried too much, and that it had better honours, as the other one had been taken away dead, by the sorcery of the sook (?) to a funeral. Changing the subject abruptly, he said that his uncle Bogarsh was too often in the bazaar and

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not enough at home; he threatened to tie him to the house so that he be compelled to look more after the buffaloes. With gestures and cries, still wagging a stick in his hand, he showed how he would lead the buffaloes at the next summer migration to greener pastures. When an Indian visitor turned up to have a look at the Todas, he exclaimed that he was tired of visitors, and that they should not be allowed near the *mund* (the Indian looked at me for some time, and then, intrigued, asked: "What is the word?" which may or may not have provoked Sodup's remark). He pointed to my bungalow on the opposite hill, and said he wanted to go there. Then he picked up a bit of discarded tinfoil and ran about, throwing it into the air.

A few days later I found him in the same boisterous mood. He started pulling at the clothes of Singarsh and beating his legs, and when tired of his victim, had the effrontery to do the same to Karuna, which was quite unusual. Nobody really minded, however, and there was much laughter. He then set upon Kuppiti, his grandmother, pulled her hair and bit her, and even tried to undress her. He endeavoured to throw stones at the onlooking women, but stopped short at that. He picked up the empty Glaxo tin, and loudly proclaimed that it was he who had brought it for the new baby in the house.

One of the most difficult things to collect from the Todas was dreams. They somehow sensed that there was something intimate about these and would not disclose them, although they were quite willing to speak openly and publicly about sexual matters. During the whole time I was in the Nilgiris in 1949, I was only able to get Mosesu to give me one of his dreams, an insignificant one; and to obtain another one from Sodup. This was to the effect that he dreamed that a big bear had taken his mother away, and that it had mauled her badly, so that she was bleeding profusely from the left shoulder (Ezzigwel fed her children mainly from the left breast, because it was "more convenient", she said). He saw the bear carry his mother past the Wurthutiarsh, on the left side. He said that he was not sorry at all. (I noted that when Sodup was "naughty", Ezzigwel threatened him by saying that he would be carried off by a bear.)

One other day (August 14th, 1949), Sodup astounded me during an afternoon session by suddenly exclaiming to me in English: "Hey! you bugger!" Asked where on earth he had learned this, Kasvarsishi said it was from British soldiers on leave from Madras, but considering that we were then in 1949, that the British left India in 1947, and that Sodup was only two and a half years old, either he had a remarkably retentive memory, or Kasvarsishi's explanation was not correct. Anyhow, Sodup seemed perfectly aware that this was a rude expression, not meant to please me.

The contrast between the twins was extremely marked. Sodup hardly ever left her mother, and preferred to stay indoors. Ezzigwel told me that she had been difficult in this way ever since it had been necessary to vaccinate her some time ago. When scolded she would sulk for hours, while Sodup, who had made no difficulty about being vaccinated, "forgets at once". It was obvious that exteriorized aggression was a very marked component of the little boy's character. In a film which I made